The World

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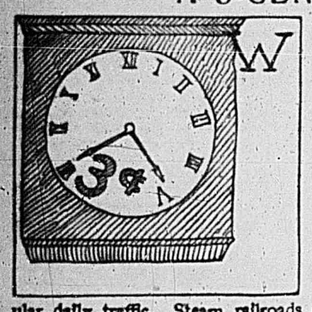
A 3-CENT HOUR.



WHEN the first elevated road was built in New York the rate of fare was ten cents. There were few passengers. The road was an experiment. Its cost of operation was high. The profits to its promoters were not great.

It was promptly recognized by both the original elevated company and the public that a distinction should be made between occasional passengers and the regular daily traffic. Steam railroads on the surface of the ground had been making this distinction for years. Commuters who travel every day had been accustomed to ride at a fraction of the cost of unlimited first-class tickets. Trip tickets, season tickets, family tickets and the like all recognized the principle that the steady users of a public franchise should have a reduced rate.

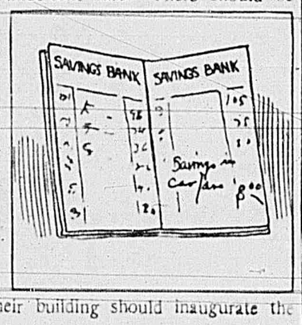
Following this principle the old elevated charged a half-fare during what were called commission hours; that is, the hours of the regular daily travel, approximately from 6 to 8 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M. The trains at those hours were more crowded and more profitable; the cost of transportation was less. The public received part of the benefit in the five-cent commission hour fare.

To establish three-cent commission hours on the Second and Third avenue elevated roads now would not be as much of a concession from the present nickel fare as the establishment of five-cent commission hours was from the dime fare. The cost of operation has been steadily diminished without any diminution in the fare. Through electrical invention economical power has been substituted, a few firemen in power-houses have taken the place of hundreds of firemen on locomotives, additional money-earning passenger cars have taken the place of the steam engines as part of the train until there is more profit in a three-cent fare to-day than in a five-cent fare when it was established.

The traction merger asks the city to give it a franchise for a third track on its east side elevated roads. These roads are crowded to their utmost operating capacity during the rush hours now. Their cars are packed to the limit of human endurance. Their earning capacity has reached its maximum.

But the people have some right to be considered. The franchise is theirs. The traction merger has not yet got hold of it. It cannot get it except on such terms as the Public Utilities Commission and the Board of Estimate prescribe.

There should be a universal three-cent fare. There should be universal free transfers. If the traction merger were capitalized at its actual investment three-cent fares and universal free transfers would pay interest on all the bonds, provide an ample sinking fund and pay dividends on the stock at a higher rate than any of the watered stock now pays. Before this can be done the traction merger should be smashed.



The east side third tracks have not yet been bargained away. Their building should inaugurate the three-cent fare.

Letters from the People.

Jersey Mosquitoes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to Passaic County man, who says there are fewer mosquitoes in New Jersey than in other places near New York, I will state that in ten years of travelling I have never met as many mosquitoes as there are between Jersey City and Newark. They keen their stickers always sharpened for use, and for their size they can raise a bump to most any dimensions. E. C. VOGT.

Jersey City.

The Boston Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is my answer to "Boston Problem," which says: "A buys articles at a certain price, and in selling them makes $18,000. He reduces the selling price one-third, thus cutting the selling price 50 per cent. How much extra patronage must he get to enable him to double his profits, and how far must he have cut the price to enable him to win from the new patronage a sum equal to his original profits plus his present profits?"

Bought.	Profit.	Sold.	Net Profit.
$18,000	100%	$36,000	$18,000
$72,000	50%	$108,000	$36,000
$72,000	75%	$126,000	$54,000

A. W. WEBSTER.

New Haven, Conn.

The "Universal Ticket."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I noticed with interest the letter from "Pol. Econ." in regard to the adoption of a universal ticket by all the transit lines of Greater New York. Does the writer not see that this plan would necessarily add to the profits of one company, to the depletion of those of another? For instance, a person might purchase a supply of tickets from the Interborough Company and use them on the B. R. T., thereby making the B. R. T. carry them for nothing, while the Interborough would be paid for something for which it gave no return. This plan could only be carried out if all the lines were controlled by one company. S. F. A.

In The World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The other night a friend and myself had a dispute as to the size of the earth compared with that of the sun, moon and stars. Where can we learn briefly how the earth compares in size with the other planets?

RALPH BONNETT.

Swimming Hints.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

People too often drown while swimming or fall ill from it. Here are a few tips to avert this: Never go into the water for two hours after eating. Don't go in while very warm. Wait to cool off. Don't go in if ill, indisposed or having a headache. Don't stay in more than twenty minutes. Wet the head before the body. Take a few violent strokes on first going in to get into a glow. Most of all, never get excited or scared. If you keep perfectly calm you can always get to shore even if you have a cramp. It is scare that drowns people—not fatigue or cramp. If tired or cold come out of the water at once. Keep moving all the time you're in the water.

JERSEY SWIMMING TEACHER.

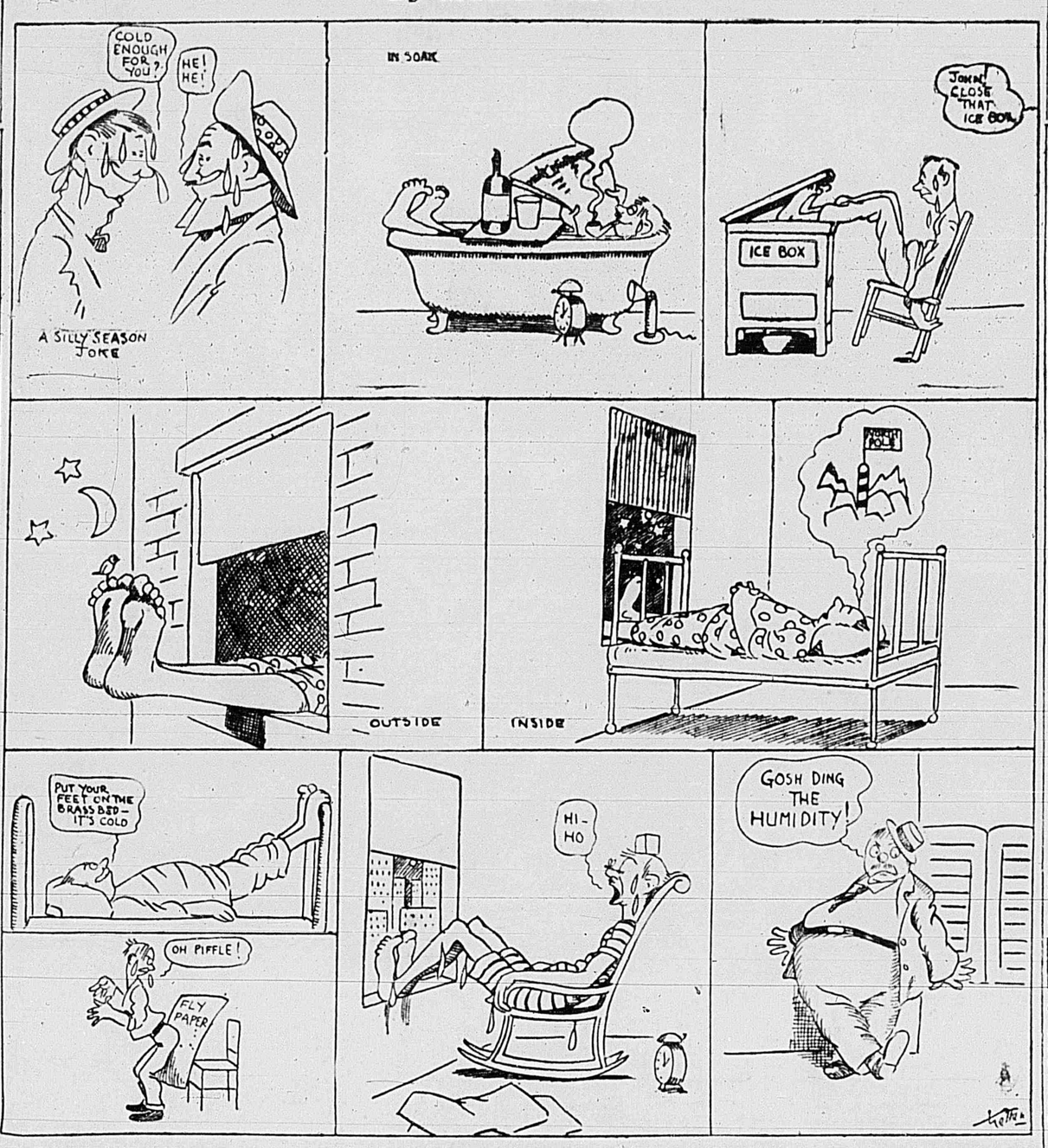
No. He Is Still at the Tombs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was Harry Thaw sent to Sing Sing Prison? JOHN LENNON.

The Silly Season in New York.

By Maurice Ketten.



Opposition Brightens Cupid's Flame.

By Helen Oldfield.

ONE thing always must be remembered—viz.: that open and violent opposition to a marriage invariably does more harm than good.

Conan Doyle makes one of his minor characters say: "If ye forbid a lassie and a laddie to dae anything it's just the surest way of bringing it about. The Lord foond that out in the gairden o' Paradise, and there's no muckle change between the folk in Eden and the folk in Wigtown."

Not only is there this inherent taste for forbidden fruit, but opposition rarely fails to awaken a sense of martyrdom which will go far to strengthen the misplaced affection; while with judicious indifference or mild and doubting tolerance it might have died a natural death. There is no denying the fact that parents are often placed in great difficulties by their daughter's love affairs.

They may refuse to countenance an engagement, holding it to be their bounden duty so to do, but they cannot change the minds of the young people. It is not infrequently a question whether the affair shall go on in secret, nominally unknown to them, or whether they shall so far countenance it as to leave no excuse for deception, which is in most cases the most judicious course. Indeed, now that so much legitimate freedom is given to girls, a man is scarcely acting honorably when he woos his lady love "under the rose," and so exposes her to the tongues of scandalmongers.

Neither is it strictly honorable for a man to make a girl an offer of marriage when he knows that her parents have a pronounced and well grounded objection to him as a son-in-law. So long as she is under age or in a dependent position he has no right to ask her to either deceive or to defy those to whom she owes duty and obedience. The daughter who comes short in her filial duty cannot reasonably be expected to make a good wife.

No man ought to resent being closely questioned before he is welcomed into a family, and he should be ready to give all particulars concerning himself which may be asked. Parents who value their daughters do well and wisely to exercise caution before intrusting them voluntarily to a comparative stranger.

Where consent to an engagement is refused the lover shows his good breeding and good feeling by not trying to force his way into a family where he is plainly unwelcome. He need not necessarily be fickle. He can bide his time and wait until circumstances prove his worth, and allow him, without loss of dignity, to make another and more successful attempt.

Under modern conditions it would seem as if the wisest way in which parents can treat an ineligible suitor is to tolerate him, and if possible make him ridiculous, taking care not to enlist the girl's sympathy in his behalf by any appearance of persecution.

It has been well said, if often, that the strongest hold which a man can gain upon a good woman is to convince her that he loves her devotedly, and that his need of her is as great as his love for her. A good woman has always the disposition to sacrifice herself for the sake of others.—Chicago Tribune.

The Cheerful Primer.

By C. W. Kahles.

FIFTY HEROINES OF HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. II.—MARGARET OF SCANDINAVIA—The Ruler of the North.

THERE is a peninsula running down between the North Sea and the Baltic which in olden time was feared and hated throughout the whole world. For it was the abode of the dreaded Norsemen, whose very name was such a word of terror that the ancient church litanies contained the prayer: "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord deliver us."

The people of Norway and Sweden lived in a bare, rocky, seagirt land, where farming and other peaceful arts could not afford them a livelihood. So, with their neighbors of Denmark, to the south of the peninsula, they turned to the sea for a living. Their long, serpent-prowed galleys, hung with shields and manned with fierce, blue-eyed, yellow-haired pirates, swept down upon the peaceful coasts of France and England, burning towns, stealing everything of value and butchering the panic-stricken inhabitants. One sea king had even advanced on Paris, and had only spared the French capital when he was awarded a rich province of France for his own. There he settled, his duchy taking the name of Normandy (or "Northman's land"). Another Danish ruler, Canute by name, in the early part of the eleventh century had made himself King of England.

When the southern countries at length grew too strong for them the Scandinavians began quarrelling among themselves. Petty reigns, blood feuds; dynasties wiped out in wholesale killings; long periods of anarchy broken by the semi-occasional rule of some really masterful king. Such was the early history of Norway, Sweden and Denmark. And out of all this chaos it remained for one woman to restore order and prosperity and to bind the three quarrelsome countries peacefully into one mighty, contented, harmonious nation.

The Sea Kings Fight Among Themselves.

This woman was the Danish Princess Margaret, whose prowess won for her the title of "The Semiramis of the North." She was but twenty-seven when, in 1380, her husband, King Hakon VI. of Norway, died. Two years earlier their son, Olaf, heir to the throne, had lost his life. Margaret, widowed and childless, faced the world alone. It was a crisis where the average woman of her day would have abandoned herself to grief or have become a nun. Her career was seemingly at an end. But, as a matter of fact, it had barely begun, for, instead of letting sorrow and loneliness crush her, Margaret set to work on that mightiest, most engrossing of all occupations—nation building.

She secured her position as Queen of Norway, then turned her attention toward Denmark. She had formerly succeeded in having her young son, Olaf, chosen King of this country. Now that he was dead she claimed the throne for herself. The Danes were aghast at thus being knit to Norway, a frequently hostile kingdom. But when the matter was brought before the Danish Parliament Margaret won that body to her cause by promising to increase greatly its privileges and to promote Denmark's interests. Parliament was thus won to her side and the two countries were joined as one under her rule.

Not content, she next turned her wonderful diplomatic skill on Sweden, forming for herself a strong party among the Swedes and laying clever plans for annexation. The Duke of Mecklenburg claimed the Swedish throne and war followed.

Margaret proved herself as good a general as diplomat. She routed the opposing forces in battle and took the Duke prisoner. After this it was a matter of no great difficulty to annex Sweden. By the treaty of Calmar, 1397, Margaret was made sovereign of the three powerful northern nations, and found herself the most important person in Europe and Queen of the greatest realm.

Woman Welds Three Kingdoms Into One.

With a light, tactful, but ever firm hand, she guided the destinies of her triple possessions and not only held all three in subjection but spread throughout their boundaries a feeling of loyalty and patriotism, welding the trio of warring, distrustful lands into one splendid, all-powerful kingdom. Then she set to work planning for the continuance of their unity. By wise laws she endeavored to remove any chance of their separating in future years. But here she met her first failure, for, on her death in 1412, at the age of fifty-nine, the crown went to her grandnephew, Eric, as she was childless. Eric managed in a pitiably short space of time to undo nearly all his great aunt had accomplished and eventually to lose the throne, thus forever shattering Margaret's dream of permanence for the grand, united Scandinavian nation she had so brilliantly created.

Six Dress Hints for Swagger Men.

By Margaret Rohe.

No. 3.—Have Gloves Well in Hand.

MARGARET ROHE.

TO keep strictly up to date, it is the fashion decree of no less an authority than Theodore Roosevelt that every man should have at least two kids on his hands. Naturally, just how great a part gloves play in the correct attire of a man of fashion can readily be seen.

Gloves should never be worn buttoned. It is decidedly declasse. Nobody does it any more, except the canaille of West End avenue, Larchmont, Tuxedo and similar unenlightened districts. The real classy boys turn their gloves back in the sauciest way.

Any color of glove is permissible, but the preference is given to the pale yellow chamois effect.

Great care should be exercised in wearing these, however. When you go to shake hands with a friend, it is well to wave them three times gently before his face, murmuring sweetly all the while, "These are gloves, these are gloves," or he will think you are handing him a lemon.

Black gloves are all right for mourning wear, but hardly the correct thing for evening.

In the present reign of everything lingerie, white cotton gloves are quite the thing for special functions, particularly concerning big undertakings, and are much cottoned to out in Wamego, Kan., and other in a fashion metropolises.

The most striking thing in a stylish handcovering is the boxing patterns although a plain glove, with brass knuckle trimmings, is usually a knock-out. No really correctly outfitted sport should be without a pair of these always on hand.

The Worst Summer Resort.

IN his book "From the Cape to Cairo," H. S. Grogan writes, "The Kungwe fly, which is peculiar to Lake Nyassa, resembles small May flies, and at certain seasons of the year they rise from the water in such stupendous clouds that they blot out the whole horizon. Seen in the distance they have exactly the appearance of a rainstorm coming across the lake. When they are blown landward they make every place uninhabitable by the stench which rises from the countless millions that lodge and die on every inch of sheltered ground. I myself have seen them lying a foot deep in a room, and I was told that they are often much worse. The natives sweep them up and make cakes of them.

"Biting and poisonous ants are another pest, but the mosquito is the great enemy of man. It was absolutely necessary to turn in half an hour before sunset, and to make all the preparations for the night. I piled all my belongings round the edge of my net and kept a green wood fire burning at each end; and then I lay inside, smoked the native tobacco and prayed for morning. As soon as the sun went down the mosquitoes started operations.

"It was like taking a tame whirlwind in one's tent. They could not possibly have been worse. Every night 200 or 300 contrived to enter my net—I have no idea how. The most pernicious and poisonous kind was a very small black mosquito that might possibly have penetrated the mesh. I used to turn out in the morning feeling perfectly dazed from the amount of poison that had been injected during the night."

A Trio of Oddities.

WHAT is believed to be the world's record for divorce cases is held by the Hungarian city of Arad. Last year's statistics show that 230 divorces were tried by the courts and 210 divorces granted. At present there are 310 divorce cases awaiting trial. Arad has fewer than 80,000 inhabitants.

Twenty-five thousand dollars has been left by a German merchant who died at Cotibus to found a church in Constantinople for all denominations. The sermons are to be preached in Esperanto.

London pays $150,000 a year for the water which its milkmen put into the milk they sell as pure.

Last Man Killed in the Civil War.

THE last man to fall in the Civil War was a Union soldier, John Jefferson Williams, from Jay County, Indiana, a member of Company B, of the Thirty-fourth Indiana Regiment. The fight in which he was killed occurred at Palmetto Ranch, Texas, on May 13, 1865; more than a month after Lee's surrender. The word to lay down arms had not reached Texas at that time, and an engagement took place between a small force of Union troops and a detachment of Confederate cavalry. Williams was the only man killed.